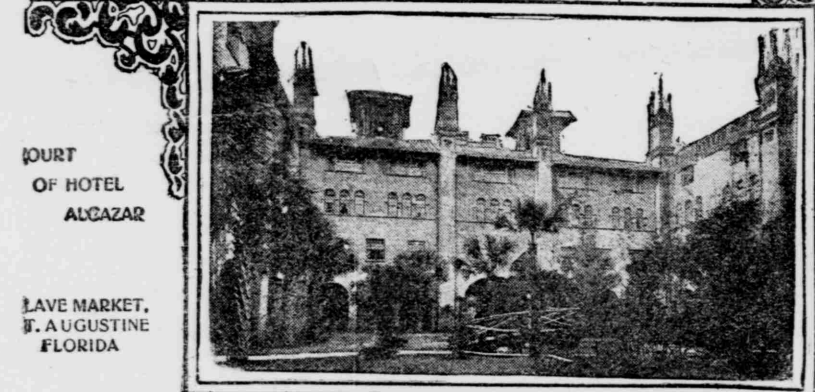


leads, filled with the freshly cut fruit. To one who has always lived in the North, the colored part of the community, would be the most interesting feature of this southern city. On every corner were groups of men and boys, hands in their pockets, lazing in the sunshine, women carrying big baskets of laundry work on their woolly heads, and pickaninnies rolling and tumbling everywhere. I reached the steamer well satisfied with my sight of Charleston and at 2 P. M. we left the Harbor. The remainder of the day was bright and although cool, we stayed on deck until dark. We passed close to Fort Sumter, so quiet and deserted, that it was difficult to realize that the first note of war was sounded from that spot nearly half a century ago.

The St. John's in Florida.
The next day was bright, warm and beautiful, and at 7 A. M. we entered the St. John's River in Florida, with its low banks, entirely devoid of interest. Reaching Jacksonville in the morning we drove all over the city, saw the large new hotels, and some handsome dwellings and the built-up district over which the big fire had swept. We took the train for St. Augustine—one of the dreams of my life was to be realized—and rode for more than an hour through woods of the long leaf pine, and the scrub palmetto, then behold! the bay and the quaint old city. State Senator S.—who was in my husband's company during the war, met us with his carriage, and his hospitality was so imperative, that we could not accept. He owns a pretty place a little out of the city on San Marco Avenue, where we spent a pleasant evening with him and his wife, and the next morning he drove us all over the old town, past the superb hotels, the old Spanish houses—the oldest is 300 years—through the narrow streets, the narrowest five feet wide, to the barracks, and along the beautiful bay, while beyond Anastasia Island lay the ocean.

Palms and Tropical Fruit.
"The Plaza" overlooking the bay, teams with tropical groves, palms, bananas, oranges, tree ferns, agaves and many things I did not know. At the end stands the old slave market.



Then we drove to the Ponce De Leon, where Senator and Mrs. S.—lunched with us. This hotel is a vast Moorish Palace covering acres of ground. One enters through a massive iron gate; a flight of steps leads to a veranda on either side, with a large open court in front, filled with tropical growth bordered with verbenas, mignonette, geraniums and roses in full bloom. In the centre of this paved court, a large fountain is fed by bronze frogs and turtles, while the basin flashes with splendid gold fish. A few steps lead to the main verandas, the floors of which, and all the corridors, are flawless marble. The rotunda, rising to the roof, is superbly carved in antique designs of oak, while marble fire places contain huge lighted logs resting on the massive brass andirons. Very large paintings, which are masterpieces, hang on the second floor of the rotunda. The immense dining hall in the centre of the building must be seen to gather any conception of its splendor. The frescoing on the walls and ceilings beggars description. Each side of the room is enclosed in glass, and the guests gaze out upon the open grounds, green as in summer time. The pillars in this room are wonders of architectural beauty.

Fairy Land Scenes.
The furnishings are magnificent, in old gold, pale rose tints and pale blue. One of the mantels is veritably a thing of beauty; it is of white carved wood, and rich pieces of Mexican onyx, with a clock set in the onyx and with huge brass andirons. The cost must have been thousands. We came here in the evenings to listen to the fine music in the rotunda, and the court looked like fairy land, lighted with many colored incandescent globes hidden among the plants. It was a charming scene. The alcázar opposite the Ponce, on the other side of the beautiful square, filled with all green plants, is a charming hotel, built of concrete; the Ponce is concrete with trimmings and coverings in terra cotta. The Alcázar surrounds a very large court filled with flowers, in the centre of which is a large fountain always playing; windows open on it, and a walk extends all around the court. The first floor is used for stores, where tempting goods are displayed. Across the street from the Alcázar is the Cordova, with a small lighted court in the office, filled with plants and palms, and beyond, a small open court where I saw my first banana plant with ripening fruit. The parlors are furnished in oriental designs and dark rich colorings. Massive carved pieces, wonderful mantels, brass tables bronzes of rarest workmanship—and a thousand things I haven't the space to mention everywhere meet the eye. These three hotels with their wealth of beauty, are a rare sight. In my next letter I will take you to Anastasia Island and further south in this land of flowers.

HISTORY OF RAIN DROPS.

AS TRACED FROM THE STORM TO THEIR FINAL ENGULFMENT IN THE OCEAN.

Uncle Sam's Extensive Work in Investigating the Water Supply—Great Subterranean Rivers—Pollution of Domestic Water.

The history of the rain drops and the snow flakes from the time of their formation till it merges with the ocean, to be again evaporated and repeat the process, is oftentimes a long and devious one. Some of the rain of course falls back into the ocean; but much finds a temporary abiding place on the tops of high inland mountains, and enjoys a year or more of travel and usefulness before it finally reaches its old mother ocean.

The Government is devoting considerable energy to the accumulation and dissemination of facts concerning the behavior of water from the time it reaches the earth as rain or snow until it joins the ocean or great navigable rivers. Public appreciation of the value of this work has steadily increased, and urgent demands for its extension have come from all sections of the country. The work includes the collection of data relating to the flow of surface streams, researches on the location and movements of underground waters—great subterranean rivers which move with deliberation—and the investigation of the physical character of these waters, such as hardness, color, turbidity, etc. The sources and effects of the pollution of municipal water supplies have also received much study.

Measuring the Stream's Flow.

As a means of obtaining reliable records of stream discharge in the important river basins of the country, approximately 800 gauging or measuring stations are maintained by the Government. The records furnished by these stations are used by manufacturers and investors in planning the development of water power, by municipalities in studying problems of water supply, and by irrigators in determining the acreage which can be reclaimed from desert conditions and the crops which can safely be planted. They are also of great importance to engineers, who obtain from them data for the study of many problems, such as the relation between rainfall and run-off, the effects of forests upon stream flow, the occurrence and control of floods, etc.

Throughout the eastern part of the United States the surface waters have great value as a source of cheap power, and the demand for steam-gauging data is constantly growing as manufacturing enterprises are developed. In densely populated sections, problems of water supply and sewerage disposal have also become urgent and are often complicated by the fact that cities not only draw their supply of water from convenient streams, but in many cases empty their sewerage into them as well. In such thickly settled regions even small and insignificant streams must be utilized to their fullest capacity. In the Central States underground as well as surface waters are used for both industrial and municipal purposes.

RELIC OF BULL RUN.

A Small Monument Erected on the Spot at the Time of the Battle.

This rude little monument stands on the bloodiest section of the Bull Run battlefield about one thousand yards northwest of the crossroads at Groveton. The site of the monument is by the bankside of the "old railroad cut." Before the civil war a railroad was projected to run from the Manassas Gap Railroad at Gainesville, Va., northeast to Leesburg, crossing Bull Run at Sudley Springs. The railroad was graded with a succession of "cuts" and "fills," from Gainesville to Sudley, a distance of about three miles. No ties or rails had been laid when at the outbreak of the war work stopped. In the second battle of Bull Run, Jackson took up his position along the line of railroad. Back of Groveton the line ran through a long low hill and this "cut" was in the center of the Confederate line. Here the effort to dislodge Jackson was most stubborn and thousands of Union soldiers fell in the unsuccessful attempt. After Appomattox, when the Union army was on the march back to Washington, many of the troops returned by way of the old Warrentown turnpike which runs through these bloody fields. The bones of the Union soldiers who fell there had not at that time been exhumed and taken to Arlington. The returning veterans paused long enough to erect and dedicate this monument. It stands in the woods in an isolated place and very few persons ever visit it.

Herschel a Great Musician.

It may not be generally known that Herschel, who in spite of all obstacles became the greatest of astronomers, was a most brilliant musician as well, and in his earlier life taught music and was the proprietor



HERSCHEL.

and manager of the famous Bath Orchestra.

During the last half of the seventeenth century while Herschel was winning undying fame, there flourished more great men than in any other equal number of years during the two centuries.

A partial list includes the names of Benjamin Franklin, Fox, Pitt and Burke, the great English barristers; Hume and Gibbon, the great historians; Watts, the inventor of the steam engine; Sheridan and Garrick, the play actors and writers; Gainsborough, West and Reynolds, the painters; Voltaire, the French author and critic; Racine, the French tragedist; Blackstone, the greatest of legal authorities; Goldsmith, the poet; the Duke of Wellington; George the Third of England, and our own immortal Washington.

HOTELS FOR WOMEN NEEDED.

Crying Need in New York City, Declares President of Little Mother's Association.

"There are only three ways open to the New York working girl whose wage earning capacity is \$3 a week and who is dependent on herself for support—she may starve, go to destruction, or commit suicide.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, president of the Little Mother's Association flung this bombshell into the convention of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs.

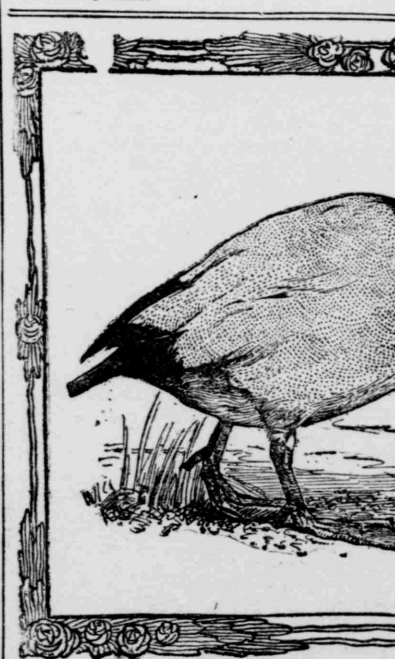
"The crying need of New York City," continued Mrs. Burns, "is Mills hotels for working women."

"There are 255,732 wage earning women in New York. These figures do not include the women in various professions. Of these wage earners 22,708 are saleswomen. Their earnings average \$5 a week. A woman can barely live on that and keep herself respectable. The women and girl boxmakers number 3,094. This is the poorest paid trade in the city. Three dollars a week is the average wage paid. No woman can support herself on such a sum unless she lives in her parent's home and pays no board.

"New York must give these girls and women respectable, comfortable living places within their means. It remains for the Federation of Women's Clubs to make some strong organized effort to start this thing. It will be no trouble to establish these cheap, comfortable hotels once we can convince people of the need."

The Dead Sea of America.

The Great Salt Lake, Utah, has a length of seventy-five miles, a width of thirty-five miles, and a circumference of 291 miles. It includes six islands, the largest having a length of sixteen miles and a width of five miles, with a peak rising to the height of 500 feet above the level of the lake. The water is of such density that persons can float in it easily; its density is exceeded only by that of the Dead Sea. The waters of the Great Salt Lake are gradually receding from the shore line.



THE FAMOUS CANVASBACK DUCK.

Deception in the preparation of our foods not only is the stock-in-trade of the manufacturer, but large hotel keepers are guilty also. Wise, indeed, is the man who can tell when he is eating canvasback duck. There is apparently but one way to distinguish the canvasback, and that is by the celery flavor imparted to its flesh. The celebrated ducks of the Chesapeake region and those of Wisconsin are noted for this flavor, the former living almost entirely on an aquatic weed known as wild celery, and the latter upon the extensive celery fields of the Wolverine State. And yet the owner of the hotel saves money when he has the common duck fed and fattened on celery; served on the table its flavor is the same as the wild bird.

A GIANT SUGAR BEET.

O'Shannassy Rasies a Marvel Through Accident.

"That shitory av Cindarella goin' th' tha ball in a punkin," said O'Shannassy, "aint wan circumstance t' phwat happen'd out me way in Colorado wid shugar bates. Now ye moind, shugar bates sometimes grows big, an' th' bigger ye grows thim th' more money ye are shure t' get from th' factory. But, me farm down by th' Gunneson and all th' ither farms in th' Shitane nate t' dith s' far as size av shugar bates was consarned. Why, don't ye know thot th' wather av thot river is richer'n th'rong likid manyure, an' whin I uses ut for arygatin' me farm, somehow'r ither I do be afther strappin' down me plants, they grows so quick.

But, 'twas lasht year thot somethin' remarkable happen'd on me farm 'way off in wan corner. Why, don't ye know somehow'r ither a shugar bate sade got mixed wid th' soil an' grow'd so quick wid th' rich arygatin' Gunneson wather thot I didn't get th' chance t' strapp it down. 'Yis, sir, an' whin it got so big I says t' meself, says I, I'll let er go clane throo t' Chinay; I'm goin' t' see jist how big th' bloomin' bate kin grow. An' would ye believe it, whin th' toime came t' gather in th' crop, thot I hated t' do it, it took nearly me lasht cent buyin' foive hundred pounds av dimmite t' blow thot bloomin' thing out'er th' groun'. An' thim 'twas a sight t' see. 'Twas splilt into big paces, an naybur Smith was so good as t' bring over his saw mill an' we rigged up his gasuline injin an' by next mornin' had cut up thot bate into thirty-foot slabs. Now, I only owned five times and naybur Smith had three, so we had t' go t' me ither naburs until we had thirty-three double team wagons filled up t' tops wid good shugar bate plenkis. I can tell ye we was th' gran' sight whin we drew up t' th' factory at Rocky Ford.

"Well, whin th' factory people went ahead an' made th' shugar from thot bate they found it phwat ye call a 'Shugar Content' as high as forty-foive per cent. Ye know ordinary bates are good whin they give twenty per cent shugar and the Agricultural Department calls the coefficient of purity in thot shugar was somethin' gran'. Faith, didn't th' factory people complain aftherwards thot their customers found fault wid th' shugar made from th' bate (they made two car loads from th' I believe) because 'twas so swate—'twas so swate thot half a teaspoon would swate a quart av coffee. 'Yis, sir, an' th' factory people didn't want th' poolp, afther they had taken th' shugar out av it, rottin'in th' buildin' an' bein' as they didn't have th' room t' store it outside, they paid me foive dollars th' load t' haul it away, whin same I did. Now, phwat did I do but take th' stuff back t' me farm an' put it in me twelve silos. Thim I scorns th' country an' buys up 2013 head av cattle, wid th' money I gets from th' factory people, an' fattens thim up on th' poolp. Thim I ships thim back t' Chicago, afther I'd fatten'd thim, an' I gets two toims as much as I pays for thim.

"Not countin' th' money I gets for th' bate an' th' cattle, I tell ye I made money th' next spring furnishin' arygatin' wather t' me nayburs from th' rizevoor I made out av th' hold th' bate made in th' groun'.

I tell ye arygatin' is a success in Colorado. This year I be goin' to plant more bates.

Come aroun' some time an' I'll tell ye how I onct lived in a wather-melon growed on me farm. 'Tis a foine sthory."

To Rouse by Phonograph.

Clocks are now being made which instead of striking them, speak the hours through an ingenious application of the talking machine. The inventor has made clocks with speaking discs of various kinds to serve as alarms. You can be awakened by the vigorous crowing of a cock or the sound of a well-known voice. They are arranged to call out in various degrees of modulation, some loud enough to rouse the soundest sleeper. As alarm clocks, they should in time supersede all others, for the discs can be changed as often as the fancy dictates, so that the sleeper will not become so familiar with the call as to continue his slumber, as often happens in the use of the ordinary clocks with bells.



THE ANGLE LAMP

is not an improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely NEW METHOD of burning oil which has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all illuminants.

And when we say satisfactory we mean satisfactory—not an illuminant that merely gives a brilliant light, but one that combines brilliancy with soft, restful, pleasing quality; that is convenient as gas, safe as a tallow candle; and yet so economical to burn that in a few months' use

IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF
The ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil, while The Angle Lamp burns a full 16 hours on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, soon amounts to more than its entire original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more. Ordinary lamps must always be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. A gallon of oil a week absolutely wasted, simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable odor. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp, for whether burned at full height or turned low, it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke. You should know more about the lamp, which for its convenience and soft, restful light, might be considered a luxury were it not for the wonderful economy which makes it an actual necessity. Write for our catalogue '12' fully explaining this new principle of oil lighting, and for our proposition to prove these statements by

30 DAYS' TRIAL

When such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and thousands of others, after trying The Angle Lamp, find it profitable to replace their old gas and electric light fixtures, to throw away gasoline and acetone lamps or ordinary lamps, it is surely worth your while to send a penny postal to find out about it.

Write for Catalogue '12', list of 2500 articles from \$1.50 up and our booklet, "Lighting and Common Sense," which gives you the benefit of our ten years of experience with all kinds of lighting methods.

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